

Oxford

Democrat.

NO. 48, VOLUME 8, NEW SERIES.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1849.

OLD SERIES, NO. 4, VOLUME 18.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY
C. W. COLE,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS,
IN ADVANCE.

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the proprietor not being accountable for any error
beyond the amount charged for the advertisement.—
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in arrears.

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87—V. B. PAYMAN, No. 8 Congress street, favor
of the Daily Advertiser Office Boston; our Agent
for the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and
Baltimore.

Book and Printing

PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

POETRY.

Miss Spring is Coming!

BY THEODORE A. GOLD.

Miss Spring is coming!
Aren't you glad?

With her warming sun,
And her gentle rain;

With her soft, sweet snow,
To cover and to strew;

And her warbling birds,
Whose voices strain

Shalladden the grateful earth.

Mr. Winter is gone!
Hannah! hush!

What a hateful old fellow is he!

Thee'll be many dry eye-

Wet, when I last say;

What he loves best,

That would like him to stay!

Ha! ha! we'll be glad!

When he leaves away—

Good-bye to Mr. Winter, say we.

Miss Spring is a-comin'.

And well we know,

She's a bright and a laughing thing!

And her boyish breath

Is a pure, sweet song;

And the world is even

In her glow with flow-

And the birds will sing;

And the bright flowers glow—

Then a welcome to beautiful Spring!

MEN'S SECRET FRIENDS.

Fr. in the Dollar Newspaper.

THE LAWYER'S BRIDE.

Jane Sullivan is really going to be married, said Hannah Pierpol, entering my room one bright morning.

"Ah! when is the important event going to take place, and who is to be the bridegroom? It is all news to me."

"Why, as to the time we are not certain; but John Fulson is the husband-elect."

"Indeed, why I thought Emma Green was his affianced wife; I hope our young lawyer is not a cynical gentleman."

"Emma disdained him; she thought his labors were not good; and that a man who would not lay aside his cups and pipes to please a young lady, would not be very likely to do so to gratify a wife; she requested him to discontinue his visits."

"Widely done, too; but is Lawyer Fulson interloper? He is neither a venemous serpent man, and more than ordinarily enterprising."

"Yes, he is so; but I suppose he does sometimes dip into the forbidden cup too deep for his own soul, and he smokes his pipe inexorably."

"That is disagreeable enough, I say; but not to detract from the other ladies' strange that in the presence of so-form a young man girls, of any intellect should fall into such excess; it speaks but poorly of their spirits."

"I think Jane ought to be measured that he is added to these things, for it will be too late to follow up, and I fear the life of yourself a word about the Mr. Fulson, and when we come down we will tell you the whole story, but no questions how are you, Kate?"

"When the girls were gone Mrs. Sullivan and Jane had a hearty laugh."

"These are sad girls, Kate, but they are full of folly that they must have some fun; I was terribly afraid that they would be found out; but did they not make capital old ladies? How well Jane layed off and complained of the rheumatism; Hannah can do anything she tries; but I do want to hear their story."

"Now for the adventures of the old maid," added Mrs. Sullivan, as the girls entered the room.

"With mother, but Hannah must be the narrator, for she did all the talking; I could not say a word; all I did was to take snuff and have the rheumatism."

"Well, Mrs. Sullivan, to begin then, we understand, you know, that Mr. Fulson was not to go till Thursday morning; we supposed therefore, if we started on Wednesday we should have plenty of time to get there and locate ourselves nicely before he should arrive, but judge one consternation when we found ourselves extremely opposite to him in the coach. I certainly expected we should be detected, but the dust hid poor Jane's eyes so that she was obliged to pull her thick veil over her face, and I thought likely she went to sleep, for she did not speak but once till we arrived at Clifton, but left me to do all the talking, and I never knew Fulson to be more sociable. He inquired very particularly concerning the wife and whereabouts of the gay group of which she was the center, and I alluded the question to my merry circle back to Miss Jones. He thought her a very fine young, gay, and wealthy heiress; he esteemed her for being amiable and intelligent, and I liked her because she was good natured. Jane was peculiarly diffident of her abilities, but she had that love of romance which would often carry her into a frolic, from which she would have otherwise in- I guess not—next did she receive many calls and bridegroom made their entrance, in the par-

sinctively shrunk. Hannah Pierpol was an exceedingly lively girl, of great energy, and full of confidence in her own powers; she knew that she possessed the ability to do whatever she chose, and was, therefore, by this spirit, often led into scenes of life from which young ladies are usually excluded.

Upon the evening of the same day in which she had projected her scheme, she again entered our parlors, and after a few common place remarks, casually inquired of a gentleman present when the court sat at Clifton?

"Next week, Thursday," was the reply.

"Is it expected Lawyer Fulson is there?" "Yes, he is certainly intending to be there; he is engaged as counsel in a number of cases, and if he should happen to be himself he will do well undoubtedly. I fear, however, that he will not resist the temptations by which he will be surrounded. Ha! I am fearful, fast des-

cending in the broad road to ruin."

Hannah took her leave; I could form no conception of the plan she was forming, but was satisfied it had some connection with Clifton and the County Court. Next Tuesday morning the stage coach drove up to Mrs. Sullivan's door, and two respectably dressed aged women entered the inside, while their luggage was deposited upon the coach; supposing them to be some company of the family, I thought no more of the circumstance till I understood, by some passing friends, that neither Hannah Pierpol or Jane Sullivan could be found; they had gone on an excursion somewhere—no one knew whither.

The thought flashed upon my mind in a moment that they had gone to Clifton. I could hardly restrain my impatience in learning the result—Five days passed, when the wheels of the stage again rattled up the street, and again stopped before the mansion of the widow. The same old ladies alighted, one of them huddled upon her cane towards the house, while the other adjusted her spectacles to pay her first and five directions concerning her trunks and hand-bags. Surely these venerable matrons could not be the girls—in a few moments the merriment of Hannah came ringing forth from the open windows, and impatient to learn the result of the expedition, I donned my bonnet and shawl and rushed over to hear the report.

When I entered the parlor the two old ladies stood to greet me, after I rather cease but timidly approached, with their neat maid-servants tied under their chins by a broad black ribbon, which passed over the crown, while their iron rimmed spectacles were confined upon the outside by a bit of white paper; their old fashioned calico gowns were somewhat faded but perfectly neat.

"The Misses Jones," said Mrs. Sullivan, and I returned them "How do you do?" with all due courtesy, and taking the proffered seat, began to inquire concerning their journey, when from the lips of one of the venerable spinster proceeded the merry laugh of Hannah Pierpol, while Jane Sullivan's voice proclaimed at once what the Misses Jones were. "Ah! Kate, you may well be deceived," said Jane, "for no one has known us since we left home, and yet on our return we will be as we were."

"Well done girls, what wild expedition will you start next? I tremble for you."

"But, mother, if you only could have heard Hannah's voice tremble, and seen her take snuff, whilst getting out Miss Delby Jones, you would have laughed outright; I am certain I had to try hard to keep grave and sedate."

"Poor Fulson," said Hannah, "I fear I have fixed my vengeance upon me for meddling in his matrimonial speculations; but I am used to the storm, and guess it will soon blow over, but surely—there he is—coming up the walk; now girls—Jane, act as ever, and don't

say a word about going away. If he knows the old ladies have come back, why they are tired, and have laid down to rest, and he will, of course excuse them."

"Mrs. Sullivan, how is your health?" said the young gentleman, as he entered the elegant parlor. "Good afternoon, Miss Pierpol, Miss Jane; how are you, Kate?"

"When did you return from Clifton?" said Jane.

"This morning; we did not have so many on the doctor as usual, and I left as soon as my business would admit of my absence."

"You are more prompt in your return than usual," remarked Hannah, "perhaps there was some magical attraction which drew you?"

"May be so, or perhaps, I have learned to place a higher estimate upon my time."

"I tell ye young lawyers assume it their right, full privilege to have a glew when the ladies of the court are fairly past."

"Truly, Miss Pierpol, that is the custom; yes, and it has heretofore been my custom; but I trust I have chosen a wiser course now. When I review the past few years of my practice, I wonder at the infatuation which could have led me so long to indulge in those pernicious habits, which had well nigh proved my utter destruction."

"What day did you go to Clifton?" inquired Mrs. Sullivan.

"Tuesday last; and I had the company of your relatives the Misses Jones, throughout my ride; I shall owe them my lasting gratitude in arresting my attention, in thus causing me to look back upon the course I have pursued in times past. Miss Jane, may I solicit your company a few moments?"

"Mounts rolled on, when one morning, a card was handed to me, which upon perusal I found to be an invitation to a wedding at Mrs. Sullivan's."

At the appointed hour of attendance I was ushered into the parlor, which had recently been adorned in a style of most magnificent elegance.

A large company was present; soon the bride-

and bridegroom made their entrance, in the par-

sons of the widow's beautiful daughter and son; but he was cut short by the old man, who was the village lawyer, the ceremony was performed, and the congratulations of the warm hearted guests were heaped upon the lovely bride and her noble looking husband.

"How I wish your cousins, the Misses Jones, were here to witness the ceremony, and my happiness, as the result of their conversation in the stage coach," said Fulson, as he drew his sweet wife to a seat beside him upon the sofa.

"They are here, but were fearful you might misconstrue their remarks harshly, and upon that account declined coming down; if you wish Hannah and I will summon them!"

"Do so dearest, I really wish to see them and tenders to them my heartfelt thanks for their inestimable benefit, which was of no less value because I was unknown to them; I shall rejoice to acknowledge the favor."

Hannah and Jane retired to assist the infirm old ladies in their descent to the dining room; and, in a few moments, we heard the clatter of the ruminating cane upon the stairs, and the trebled palmed voice of the other sister, announced their approach. Fulson advanced to the door to greet them, and almost enveloped them by his thanks and protestations of eternal gratitude for their services in snatching him as a brand from the burning. The poor old ladies were sadly embarrassed, and hardly knew what to say, but were really glad if they had done any good. Just then Mrs. Sullivan entered the room, exclaiming, "where are Jane and Hannah?"

"Here—here," ejaculated the Misses Jones, springing to their feet and casting from them cane, snuff-box and spectacles, to the utter amazement of the bridegroom, who could hardly comprehend the sudden transformation of his fair young wife from the person of an old lady.

"Well, after I told him all this he looked mighty sober, and did not seem to want to talk any more, and when we drove up to the hotel where we changed horses he did not go into the bar room, but staid upon the verandah, and when he met an acquaintance that invited him to go and take a glass of wine, he refused to go."

"What is the matter, John?" said he, folding his loved Jane to his heart, "what do I not owe to you?"

"Not any thing dearest, it was all Hannah, she planned it, and I did nothing but what she told me."

"My sister spirit," said she, kissing the forehead of Miss Pierpol, "be to me still a directing, guiding friend!"

"Mr. and Mrs. Fulson are still alive, and never has Jane found occasion to regret her foolish ride to Clifton in the stage coach.

Hannah still remains the warmest, truest friend, and many and happy are the hours which she spends under their roof. Jane still retains enough romance in her nature to paint all life's varied scenes with rosy hues, and although she has been called upon to drink deeply of the waters of affliction, by following her mother and several little ones of her own to their last sleep in the quiet church yard, yet she looks forward to future life with calmness, and her husband kind, respected and prosperous, has never given her cause to regret the solemn vow which bound her as the Lawyer's Bride.

"They were evidently upon 'pass,' as no officer was with them, and bound upon some jolly excursion into the country. They had reached the noonday sun was sending down its burning rays, as a party of thirty men rode out of the Gantlet de Belan, and galloped rapidly along the can-way leading to the little village of San Angel. They were dressed in the uniform of mounted riflemen, and were mounted on fully armed Americans horses."

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CANADA.

The change of position by the so-called loyal party in Canada, is one of these events which generally precede the occurrence of great events to turn the great stand-points of history. It reminds one of the "right-about face" movement of the English Tories in the time of James II, so brilliantly described and accounted for by Macaulay. They (the Tories) had long held to the theory of non-resistance to any and every act of the government, by which they meant non-conformity in the acts of that government in consonance with cavalier and high-church principles; and when James, like the fool that he was, undertook to treat them as if they were slaves, they yielded as heartily as ever did Cromwell and Rinaldo, though seeking to hide their inconsistency under a veil of sophistry that could conceal nothing. So with our friends to the North, who half a score of years since, were ready to conquer the United States, because our citizens "sympathized" with the patriots in their endeavor to throw off the English yoke; and who are now actually taking those preliminary steps that can end only in either the establishment of a new republic in the present British Provinces, or in the "re-annexation" of those provinces to this republic. No half-way measures will answer their purpose—we may say, no such measures can answer their purpose. The only apparent difficulty is, in getting the idea of rebellion, or independence, cast it which you will, into the heads of the Canadian loyalists. That accomplished, all else follows in regular order, and quicquid est, course. There is a richness in the tone of the disloyal loyal journals on this interesting topic, that it does one's heart good to read. They are converted to the "inevitable destiny" doctrine; and one of their arguments in favor of the formation of all the British North American Provinces into a federal union, the executive head of which shall be the wearer of the British crown, is that such a polity being formed will hasten national independence. We look upon this idea of a federal union, with Queen Victoria for its chief, as only a thin covering to something more important. The leading men of the loyal party do not wish to suddenly shock the prejudices of the "slow coaches" among their followers; and therefore they still continue to profess respect for the crown, while preparing the way to make it wear a sort of *rat jainment*, who shall have no real power, but who shall be called a sovereign so long as he or she shall not dare to exercise any of the attributes of sovereignty.

The movements of the Canadians are of the most vital importance to the people of this country. Suppose the federal union, with the English sovereign for its head, to be formed; what nature will be its institutions? Plainly aristocratical. Now, can we admit of the existence of an aristocratical republic to the north of us? We are to recollect, that while it shall retain its connection with England, it will be increasing in strength, and its exclusive institutions among themselves firmly in the soil, the moral life, the intellectual direction, and the modes of thought of the Canadians. What will happen, not perhaps in our day, but in that of our children, or grandchildren? Why, that alongside of our democratic republic will be a great aristocratical republic, each the enemy of the other, and seeing in the other the cloud from which may proceed the lightning that is to blast it. Our superior physical resources would be balanced by our northern neighbors finding European allies, jealous of our progress, and anxious to decrease our power. Even England herself, as between independent Canada and the United States, might aid the former; for it is but a year or two ago that a leading English journal proposed and advocated the plan of freeing Canada, and taking it under British protection, in order to re-adjust the balance of power on this continent. It wished to see another Anglo-Saxon republic in North America, with institutions less liberal than our own, but sufficiently imbued with energy and the spirit of progress to render us careful how we should act on great questions touching on foreign policy. England long ago saw the error of which her statesmen of the last age were guilty, in not conciliating the United States after they had achieved their independence, instead of pursuing towards them a course that was as losing as it was wretched and undignified. She would not be guilty of the same error towards the Canadians, were they to outrun her control. An enlightened self-interest—precisely the same that dictates her present free trade policy—would prevent her from perpetrating so great a folly. We must then, accustom ourselves to look upon the affairs of Canada as matters that come home to us in every way. We may be strictly neutral in our attitude towards the contending parties, but we cannot prevent their action from affecting us—Boston Times.

OFFICE SEEKERS.—Notwithstanding the departure of many thousands for the land of gold, it would seem by the rush upon the Executive, at Washington, that few of the well known office seekers have left. They have either missed the opportunity of being off in the first ship, or else deemed their chances better with old Zack. Whether they will meet with the golden prize at home, is yet to be seen. That there will be changes, as commissions expire, is altogether probable. But as for their being an indiscriminate slaughter—a general system of removals and appointments, on political grounds—juggling enemies, so called, because they did not vote for Gen. Taylor, and regarding friends because they did—we do not believe it. 1. Because it is a poor, miserable, spiteful practice. 2. Because the old lion has declared again and again that he will not follow it, and referred the same sentiment at his inauguration. 3. Because he is aware that many gave him their votes on account of his policies, and that most of the press that advocated his election, selected the support of those not of the Whig party, on this point, on the same ground. We believe that every good and efficient officer will be retained at least until his commission expires, and until he has served his term of four years from the date of his appointment. Therefore we look upon the hour as drawing near Washington, and in preparing the President and Secretaries, as wasting their time and money and manifesting a virtual disrespect to the Executive, whose feelings and opinions they perfectly well know.

Some of these seekers after office are "model artists" in their way. There is one department of the revenue in which no provision has been shown by its head—a large portion of their clerks being Whigs. One of these, we learn, who has thus been retained in office for four years or more, at a salary of \$1000, so far forgot the kindness thus shown him and his family, as to ask for the removal of his benefactors, and petitions to have himself installed in one of their places. Every man has a right to become an applicant for office, but there is a degree of decency and propriety to be observed in this, as well as in all other things.—N. Y. Jour. of Com.

THE BEST SALE IN THE WORLD. It is stated that the sale made in the great sale lake in California, is equal to any ever made for preserving butter, beef, &c. It is the strongest and most retentive of fat. Three barrels of water make one of fat.

For the Oxford Democrat.

To A Mourner.

Weep not, sad and weary mourner,
Finely he lies! his pathway broad!
Of His deep love be a balm,
Who vouchsafes the chastening rod.

Was thy heart too fully given
Unto earth's most holy ties,
That so painfully 'tis riven
From its fond idolatries?

Weep not that the Darling cherished
By thy happy, household hand,
Early from thy side has perished,
Pleas'd—and sought that happy land.

Weep not for those tones so winning,
For the blue-eyed Daughter's smile—
Called from scenes of woe and shining,
Exe by earthly hues beguiled.

Weep not thy departed Mother,
That her course of life is run;
Weep not, but rejoice the rather
That the golden gates are won.

Weep not! for the Sabbath peaceful
Waited on worlds on high.
Smile! those spirits, bright and blissful,
Look up thee from the sky.

March 23.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

"The Union must be preserved."

PARIS, MAINE, APRIL 3, 1849.

THE SPURIOUS DEMOCRAT.

Our friend Minos is a Democrat by profession, but not by practice. His interest is identified with that of the party who have obtained certain privileges, and advantages by legislative authority, which are partial infringements upon universal rights. Minos is the representative of this class. He considers himself a Democrat, but he makes no loud boast of his Democratic principles, as he suspects that the popular kind of democracy is not of the most orthodox kind. He suers at all bold, sincere and consistent Democrats, pronounces them demagogues and declares that to be a spurious democracy, which is most warmly encouraged by the multitude. He endeavors to make the people believe that every man who declines in favor of a measure for the general good, it may be safely presumed that they will act energetically, and that they will persevere in whatever they undertake to accomplish. We would not deceive our friends or excite hopes never to be realized, but we believe that our prospects are truly flattering. Let false friends be discarded—let there be no tampering with existing evils—let us be just and fear not—thus qualified we shall go on and conquer. If Gen. Taylor administers the government democratically all will be well, but if not, if a course is pursued solely to subserve the interest of the whig party, regardless of the true interest of the nation, then the people will say to him and his advisers, not in the tremulous tones of the suppliant, but in the many tones of honest independence—"GENTLEMEN! in serving your country, you have served yourselves—your patriotism has been a *love of power and place*—your regard for your people has been exactly proportionate to your want of their services—you have been weighed in the balance, and found—not wanted!"

The INDEPENDENT TREASURY. The March number of the *Mercantile Magazine*, a whig periodical, thus frankly speaks of this favorite democratic institution:

"To what end, and for what purpose, should we get rid of the Sub-Treasury? It has, thus far, with all its faults and trials, done its duty faithfully. The country has passed through an unexpected war, involving an immense expenditure of treasure, without wavering; and with similar soundness in the movements of our monetary affairs, we have with perfect regularity and troops in and about Mexico were opposed to peace, to a man. The great majority of the population, likewise manifested their recognition of unity, on the conditions proposed. The feeling, in its full extent, was prevalent, until the Americans appeared. Their presence developed all its strength.

Pena y Pena, the then Provisional President, and his Secretary, Rosas, both warm advocates of peace became alarmed. The second day the commanding General failed to present himself in the quarters of the commissioners.

Rossas never visited them but when business required it, and then the interviews were short, formal and cold. The beautiful Senoritas, governed by the popular feeling, were no longer visible.

Others must be besotted upon somebody, the machinations of government, would soon stop if nobody sought for office, and there is no power willing to do. On the appointment of Mr. Collamer to the office of Postmaster General, it was announced that he had determined to make no appointments from the members of the press; but we have not seen any official intimation of the fact, and we can hardly believe that a protective principle, so derogatory to the character of the press would be discontinued by the head of the Postoffice Department. It is very oddly taken for granted that newspaper conductors can afford to bestow their time upon the public without hope of reward, and that to aspire to an office of honor and emolument is an evidence of mercenary motives and of a base mind. Officers must be besotted upon somebody, the machinations of government, would soon stop if nobody sought for office, and there is no power willing to do. 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PENSION LAWS.

Among the documents ordered to be printed by the last Congress, was one embracing the Pension Laws now in force, together with certain regulations touching the subject. As it is one of pretty general interest, we have taken the trouble to prepare a brief abstract of the more important features of these laws, which is in substance as follows:

In substantiating a claim, all evidence shall be taken on oath or affirmation, before the Judge of the district, or one of the Judges of the State or Territory in which the claimant resides, or before some person specially authorized by commission from said Judge.

Pensioners in States and Territories where there are no pension agents, are to be paid at the seat of government.

Volunteers disabled in the service are to be pensioned.

Pensions are granted to all officers who served to the end of the Revolutionary war in the continental army.

The widow or children are entitled to receive the balance due in the case of a deceased pensioner.

Provision is made for all persons who served six months in the army, militia or navy, during the Revolutionary war.

Widows and orphans of officers and soldiers of the militia, rangers, sea-fighties, and volunteers who have died since 1818, are entitled to five years' half pay.

The widows of Revolutionary officers are allowed pensions for the time that they remain unmarried.

The brothers and sisters of deceased soldiers of the Mexican war are entitled to the land which would have been claimed by the soldier if living.

Soldiers of the war of 1812 may select land if the first warrants were located on land unfit for cultivation.

Invalids of the navy are allowed pensions.

Five years' pensions, amounting to half the monthly pay to which the deceased was entitled at the time of his death, are allowed to widows and children of navy officers slain in service. The same is true with regard to all persons slain in the naval service, including men, marines, engineers, firemen and coal-heavers.

In the document before us, there are a great many technical regulations, for which we cannot find room, but we may venture to suggest that all persons who feel an interest in the pension laws may obtain a copy of the document by addressing a member of Congress, by applying to the Secretary of War or Navy or of the Home Department. [Nat. Intelligencer.]

ST. LAWRENCE AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD.
We have much pleasure at being enabled to state, that the receipts on this road have been steadily increasing, and have already reached to \$220 per day. [Montreal Herald.]

A poor man who had been ill, on being asked by a gentleman if he had taken any remedy, replied, "No, I hasn't taken any remedy, but I've taken lots of physic."

The President has directed the recall of Mr. Ellsworth, our minister to Copenhagen, who is charged with having abused his position to engage in a smuggling transaction.

Washington, March 23.—It is positively stated that the first of May is fixed upon for important changes of collectors, postmasters, &c., and not before. Large arrivals of prominent northern politicians this morning.

Ex-Governor Pennington of New Jersey, of "broad seal" memory, has been nominated and confirmed by the Senate for Governor of Minnesota, in place of Mr. McCaughey, rejected by the Senate.

The Boston Journal apologizes for Gen. Taylor's violation of the Sabbath, in receiving a public reception at Louisville on Sunday. We hope the high moral sense of the Journal will suggest to him the propriety of apologizing for him also, without further delay, for holding cabinet councils on the Sabbath.

Desperate Battle and Loss of Lives.—A battle took place in Pernambuco, Brazil, on the 22d January, in which the republicans were defeated by the government troops. The latter numbered four hundred were killed in the streets, three hundred drowned and four hundred taken prisoners. Commercial affairs revived after the battle.

BRIGHTON MARKET,
[REPORTED BY THE BOSTON TRAVELLER.]
THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1849.

At Market—500 Head Cattle, 24 pairs Working Oxen, 29 Cows and Calves, 290 Sheep, 600 Swine, Pigs, \$6,500; second, \$6,000; third, \$5,500; fourth, \$5,000; Working Oxen, \$2,000; Sheep, \$2,000; Cows and Calves, \$2,200; \$20, \$30, \$34, \$37.

Sheep—\$2,75, \$3,00, \$3,50, one lot sold for \$5,000. Sheep 5 1/2 and 6 1/2 cwt. Retail 6 1/2 and 7 1/2 cts. Ovis 5 and 6.

More "Incomparable" Cases Restored.

[From Eng. W. E. Fish, Gloucester, N. Y.]

CANASTOTA, N. Y., Nov. 7, 1845.

To S. TURNEY, Agent, &c.—Sir.—Having read Dr. Buchan's Hungarian Memoir in my family with the very best success for lung complaints, and having it in my mind to buy my friends with like success, I was induced last winter to become Agent for the sale of the same, and while I have not sold a single bottle, and have in almost every instance learned that it had succeeded beyond all expectation, in those cases where the patient had been by physicians declared incurable. **ADVANCED IN CURABILITY**, and their ease, happiness, and most cheering recommendation to all who were suffering with lung complaints, assuring them that in most cases they will find speedy relief.

WILLIAM E. FISH.

D. B. BRADLEY, 139 Washington St., sole Agent for the United States and British Empires. Paraphrases respecting this great English Remedy may be had gratis of J. K. HAMMOND, the only agent in Paris.

April 5, 1849. 4W48-optDEBB

The Age of Improvement.

One of the most important discoveries of the age, in ameliorating the condition of this large class of suffering humanity, **Consumptives**, is Dr. Wistars' Balsam of Wall Chervil. What more established and eminent, than the experience adopted and confirmed, that all men in all classes under a saving and valuable life, no doubt. A popularity of this new Bals in society, its real so deep and strong, that it cannot be denied that all respectable and sensible men, and the world has taken a stand among the first class discoverers and blessings of the age, and when referred to in science, gradations made to carry out the desire of the manufacturer to be owner or owner thereof by the law under which this is made.

Signed.

WILLIAM E. FISH.

D. B. BRADLEY, 139 Washington St., sole Agent for the United States and British Empires. Paraphrases respecting this great English Remedy may be had gratis of J. K. HAMMOND, the only agent in Paris.

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RECAPITULATION OF ABOVE ARTICLES, WITH PRICES ATTACHED.

Spanish or California Cloaks, for double purpose, Blankets or Cloaks, 3 50 to 15 00

"Feather River" Mining Coats, 3 50 to 15 00

Capt. Sutter's Long Mining Waistcoats, 3 00 to 3 50

Long Cloaks, 3 50 to 12 00

Short Cloaks, 3 50 to 12 00

Coats, Suits, &c., 3 50 to 12 00

Waistcoats, 3 50 to 12 00

Poetry.

From the Dublin Mail.
Grand Scheme of Emigration,
for 1849.

The Brewster should to Malta go,
The Leggerheads to Sicily,
The Quakers to the Friendly Isles,
And Furriers all to China.

The little squalling, brawling brats,
Who break our nightly rest,
Should be packed off to Ryde,
To London or to Brest.

From Spafford comes o'er to Greece;
And while the winter waits,
His passage to the Guinea coast,
Spenduritis are in the Straits.

Spinners should to the Needles go,
Wine hibernal to Burgundy;
Gourmands should lunch in Sandwich Isles,
Wags in the Bay of Fundy.

Musicians haster to the Sound,
The surprised priest to Rome;
With the race of Hypocrites
At Canton are at home.

Lovers should to Grecia go,
To some Cote Horn is pain,
Doctors should go to Ohio,
And sailors to the Main.

Hie, bachelor, to the United States!
Maid to the Isle of Man,
Dairymen all to Boston go,
And shoe blacks to Japan.

Thus, emigrants and misplaced men,
With us no longer vex us:
And all that ain't provided for,
Had better go to Texas.

Song of the Snow Bird.

BY MISS GOULD.

The ground was all covered with snow one day
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snow-bird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee.

He had not been singing that time very long
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was that song,
"O, sister, look out of the window," said she,
"Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-dee."

"Poor fellow! he walks in the snow and the sleet,
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet;
I pity him so! how cold he must be!
And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-dee."

"If I were a bare-footed snow-bird, I know,
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow;
I wonder what makes him so full of glee,
He and his mate as he warbles his chick-a-dee."

"There is One, my dear child, tho' I cannot tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough, too;
Good morning! O, who are so happy as we?"
And away he went, singing his chick-a-dee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CONFESSION.

A correspondent of the Hartford Gazette, by way of apologizing for relating the following untruthful story, assures us it is "a plain, unmeaning tale."

It was in the year 1845. Miller and his disciples had watched and prayed without ceasing, until now at last the appointed time had arrived. In the kitchen of a house in one of the interior towns of east Tennessee, sat two devout believers, a husband and his wife, who were running with folded hands, upon the impending wreck of matter and the crash of creation. After a thoughtful silence of many minutes, the husband, absently rubbing the inside corner of his left eye, spoke—

"Marry, we have prepared ourselves, and set our house in order for the great event which is to take place to-morrow! I believe we have finished our work, and are quite ready for the coming of the Lord!"

"Yes," replied the other, "I feel fully prepared to hear the sound of the trumpet!"

"Yes," pursued the husband, "I feel that there are still some little things—some domestic secrets, in fact—that is to say—I mean—there are some trifling affairs about which we have never fully unbosomed ourselves to each other—in short, some little secrets between us, with which we ought not to be embarrassed in the presence of the Redeemer!"

"Yes, James," answered the wife, "it would be well to confess all our mutual transgressions and shortcomings in such a time as this—for, now I think of it, there are some small matters which I have never spoken of; and this is a fitting season to talk them over. A full confession will enable us both to meet the Great Day with brighter hopes and calmer souls. You begin, James."

"No Mary, you begin."

"I can't. You must tell your first, and then I'll go on mine."

"But, Mary, you know St. Paul says it is the duty of the wife to obey her husband in all things. So, you commence."

"Well, I suppose I must. To begin with, James, you must know that our eldest son, William, is not your child!"

"Good God! Mary? Is this true? I never once suspected that you were untrue to me—William not my child! In the name of goodness, whose child is he?"

"He belongs to the carpenter who built the meeting-house on the hill, and who went, many years ago, to the lower settlements."

"Can, this be true?" murmured the husband, disconsolately. "I never dreamed of this."

"The Lord be near your poor wife!" sobbed the female. "It is indeed too true. In an evil hour, I yielded to the tempter, and fell—may God forgive me!"

"Go on, Mary; go on, and let's hear the worse," said the husband. "Make a clean breast of it."

"Well, James, there's our beloved daughter, Mary—she isn't your child, neither."

"Salvation!" exclaimed the astounded man—

"Is this so? 'Mary not my child?' Who's child is she?"

"Her father," answered the weeping spouse, "was the handsome young minister who got up the great revival here, eight years ago last winter."

"Heaven grant me patience!" gasped the poor husband.

"Amen!" meekly ejaculated his wife.

"As there is only another day," continued he, "I suppose I must bear it. Go on."

"I will. Then there is our youngest child, Jimmy, whom we both love so well!"

"I suppose Jimmy's not my child either?" interrupted the miserable man, in a sort of ironical despair.

"Alas! no," responded the partner of his bosom—"Jimmy's not your child, either!"

"Mary!" shouted the husband in a tone of concentrated agony, "do you speak the truth?"—Jimmy not my child! In the name of the Saviour, whose child is he?"

"He belongs," sobbed the penitent wife, "to the one-eyed shoemaker who lives in the forks of the road."

"By—, Gabriel! Blow your horn!" exclaimed the unhappy husband.—"I want to go now!"

KIT CARSON.

The trips of this famous frontiersman across the prairies are not certainly over beds of roses, but with safety, be put in the very moment the frost is out of the ground. Should frost or snow come after they are up, they will receive no injury.

EARY POTATOES. These may be planted the very moment the frost allows an opportunity to spade up the ground.—Mr. Cultivator.

THE AMERICAN FLAG. When our flag was unfurled from its staff in Tampico, an aged Spaniard was heard intoning, with lugubrious earnestness, against the perfidious with which that flag had pursued his fortunes. It is broken English he exclaimed: "I was de Spanish comandado in de Louisiana, when dat flag he was raise, and I go to Pensacola, but soon dat flag he was over me dene. I live then in de Texas, but dat flag follow me dene. Says I, I go where dat flag never come. I come to Tampico, but here is dat flag again. I believe if I go to the devil same flag will follow me dene." And the old man wept as he turned away his eyes from that flag, which, like his evil genius, has haunted him through life, and was now mocking his heartless misery.

HOW TO TELL GOOD CHICKEN. There is an old Dutchman living in the North of Vermont, very famous for having a large orchard and making good cider. The old fellow is fond of the beverage himself, but was never known to offer any to his neighbors. One evening a friend called upon him, and, helping to "fatten" the old man out of a glass, began to praise his cider. "Yas—yas," said the phlegmatic Dutchman. "I hash coot elder—Hans, bring me a mug!" The boy fetched the elder and handed it to his father, who drank it all at a single pull; then turning to his astonished visitor, he exclaimed, "I've ten—if you don't mind dat coot elder, cluck-all of me."

BUCHANAN'S HUNGARIAN BALM.

The great Dr. J. B. Parrot, of Paris, has

recommended this as the most efficient, specific and certain cure for consumption.

The American Balsam of Life, which

has been introduced into our markets,

is also recommended.

STEPHEN EMERY,

COUNSELLOR

AND

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HE HAS returned to his former Office over the

Franklin Oak, where he may be found at all hours.

Stephen is solicited to take up his old

and make a settlement.

Paris, Dec. 6, 1848.

vantage, and find us unprepared. A good preparation for Spring and Summer work, by having all implements prepared and of the best construction, is a great deal towards the accomplishment of the labor.

EARLY PEAS.—As soon as the bed you design for early peas is dry enough to be dug well, measure it moderately; dig it up, with a narrow slice, to the full depth of the spade; let the raking be thorough; then lay it off into drills, four or five feet wide, according to the kind of pea you plant; 2 inches deep; then done, drill in your peas tolerably thick, draw the earth over them with your hoe, and compress the dirt with the back of it. When your peas are up a few inches high work them with a hoe, hauling the earth up to the vines, so as to fill them moderately. In two weeks more give them another working, increasing the size of the hill; this done, stick them, and you need not fear a good and early yield.

You need not apprehend any danger from frost, as the pea is tenacious of life, and may, with safety, be put in the very moment the frost is out of the ground. Should frost or snow come after they are up, they will receive no injury.

EARY POTATOES. These may be planted the very moment the frost allows an opportunity to spade up the ground.—Mr. Cultivator.

THE AMERICAN FLAG. When our flag was unfurled from its staff in Tampico, an aged

Spaniard was heard intoning, with lugubrious

earnestness, against the perfidious with which

that flag had pursued his fortunes. It is broken

English he exclaimed: "I was de Spanish comandado in de Louisiana, when dat flag he was raise, and I go to Pensacola, but soon dat flag he was over me dene. I live then in de Texas, but dat flag follow me dene. Says I, I go where dat flag never come. I come to Tampico, but here is dat flag again. I believe if I go to the devil same flag will follow me dene." And the old man wept as he turned away his eyes from that flag, which, like his evil genius, has haunted him through life, and was now mocking his heartless misery.

HOW TO TELL GOOD CHICKEN. There is an old Dutchman living in the North of Vermont, very famous for having a large orchard and making good cider. The old fellow is fond of the beverage himself, but was never known to offer any to his neighbors. One evening a friend called upon him, and, helping to "fatten" the old man out of a glass, began to praise his cider. "Yas—yas," said the phlegmatic Dutchman. "I hash coot elder—Hans, bring me a mug!" The boy fetched the elder and handed it to his father, who drank it all at a single pull; then turning to his astonished visitor, he exclaimed, "I've ten—if you don't mind dat coot elder, cluck-all of me."

BUCHANAN'S HUNGARIAN BALM.

The great Dr. J. B. Parrot, of Paris, has

recommended this as the most efficient, specific

and certain cure for consumption.

The American Balsam of Life, which

has been introduced into our markets,

is also recommended.

STEPHEN EMERY,

COUNSELLOR

AND

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HE HAS returned to his former Office over the

Franklin Oak, where he may be found at all hours.

Stephen is solicited to take up his old

and make a settlement.

Paris, Dec. 6, 1848.

E. W. CLARK,

DEPUTY SHERIFF,

PARIS, OXFORD COUNTY, MAINE.

All process and communications by Mail or

Express, will be promptly attended to.

Paris, Dec. 15, 1848.

STEPHEN EMERY & SON are requested to call

and make a settlement.

Paris, Dec. 6, 1848.

E. W. CLARK,

DEPUTY SHERIFF,

PARIS, OXFORD COUNTY, MAINE.

All process and communications by Mail or

Express, will be promptly attended to.

Paris, Dec. 15, 1848.

STEPHEN EMERY & SON are requested to call

and make a settlement.

Paris, Dec. 6, 1848.

E. W. CLARK,

DEPUTY SHERIFF,

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